The Sketch

No. 2536—Vol. CXCV. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

LONDON BLITZ REPORTER OF "UNPUBLISHED STORY"—VALERIE HOBSON.

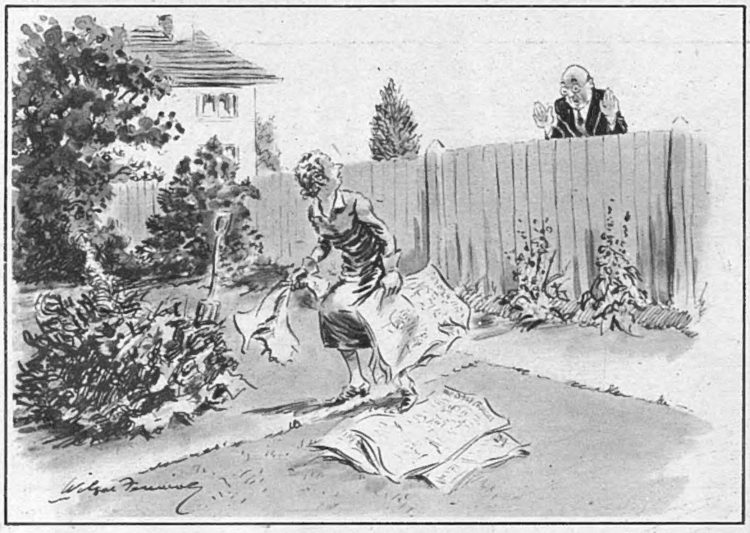
Starring with Richard Greene in "Unpublished Story," VALERIE HOBSON *plays fashion journalist turned war reporter. She covers the dramatic phases of a story inspired by the epic events leading from Dunkirk to the Battle of Britain, and the film shows the first great London blitz of September 7, 1940, and the following months. A great part of the action takes place in a newspaper office which, when bombed, still goes to press, with the assistance of former rivals.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Wrong Again! What a boon it is, in days when boons are doubly blessings, to have a Prime Minister who, along with all his immense responsibilities, can preserve a sense of humour! No man can speak in more solemn tones than he; but none is more sure of the right moment for that Parliamentary mirth which, even when muffled in reporter's brackets, is as "inextinguishable" as the laughter of the gods. There is no better way of disarming criticism than making fun of your own difficulties. Even the most cantankerous of those who (to use the Prime Minister's phrase) "feel that their war work lies specially in the direction of criticism" must, if they have an ounce of humanity in them, sympathise with the dilemma of an orator statesman. Whatever tone he adopts, he cannot say anything right. If he is cheerful, he is "complacent," and if he is solemn, he is "pessimistic." I am reminded of a certain Victorian father of the Barretts-of-Wimpole-Street school. His son told me that, as a boy, he used to pause outside the door of the breakfast-room every day, rehearsing the tone in which he would say, "Good morning, Father." If he was too bright, he was "disrespectful," and if he was too subdued, he was "sulky." Never once did he get the pitch quite right. Such also is the hard lot of Prime Ministers and broadcasters.



"Really, Mrs. Higginbotham! Now, IS that saving of waste or waste of salvage?"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Ministers of Grace. And yet Mr. Churchill has a better chance than most people of being infallible, for he has enough eager hands and heads to assist him in his task. Eighty Ministers of the Crown! And even that seems to be an under-estimate, for there are those who reckon the number at nearer a hundred. Talk about a Brains Trust! Well might we echo the words of Hamlet: "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" But what a cheat is fame! These hundred men have all achieved, in greater or lesser measure, political ambitions, have all succeeded in a stiff competition. I wager that the average elector could not name twenty of them!

Money to Burn. Whatever comfort the Prime Minister may or may not derive from his numerous team of assistants, we all know that for real help and solace he turns to the cigar. King Edward VII., that very shrewd man of the world, is reported to have said once that "two sensible men, in two comfortable arm-chairs, with two good cigars, could agree about almost anything." His best friends or worst enemies would not say of Mr. Churchill that he could "agree about almost anything," but he evidently believes in the cigar as a sovereign stimulus to clear thinking. And so, if I may respectfully say so, do I. If I could only afford enough cigars, I thrill to imagine what peaks of clear thinking I might attain. But when I see that some of Mr. Churchill's cigars have been sold at auction at £10 each, I have to resign myself sorrowfully to the conclusion that I shall never be a great statesman. I have heard of a Twelve-Pound Look, but never of a Ten-Pound Puff; and the bidder who could afford this price even for a Flor de Winston must be either a great patriot or a hopeless slave of nicotine.

Salesmanship. I wish that "two sensible men," one of them American (why not Mr. Wendell Willkie?) and one of them British (why not Mr. Brendan Bracken?), could get together in two deep arm-chairs, with a couple of the best Havanas procurable, and do something about this business of our propaganda in the United States. Despite the steady move towards intervention, all the evidence is that the Herr Doktor still keeps a good length ahead of us in the race for "putting it over." "Target for To-night" was one of our most successful "information" films. For myself, I was not as greatly impressed as most of my friends, but the public verdict was certainly against me. I read with astonishment that this high-spot of our propaganda has been shown in New York only in those low-caste movie-houses which are contemptuously known as "flea-pits." This British favourite is reported to be "sandwiched between comics and the cheapest type of musical shorts." Not sensational enough for the Broadway public? No love interest? Or have we somehow failed to "sell" it to the American film-fans?

Telling the World. Things have to be "sold" in these materialistic days. It is no good being lofty and dignified and simply relying on the justice of your cause and the purity of your motives—as we did so nobly (and so ineffectively) in the early days, when we proudly claimed that "the best British propaganda in America is no propaganda." "Great is truth and will prevail" does not cut much ice when the other fellow's creed is "Great is the Lie, and will prevail." The Institute of Journalists, which surely is to be regarded as a responsible body, has recently protested vigorously against the "paralysing control" of the Service Department which either emasculates the news or withholds it until it is dead and useless. And now I read a bitter complaint from a distinguished War Correspondent in the Middle East, who asserts that he and his colleagues constantly have to fight against every sort of petty restriction to get any news at all. So long as journalists are looked on with suspicion, or contemptuous tolerance, as "ink-slingers," or "those writing chaps," we shall never "tell the world" as we *must* tell the world if we want it to support our cause.

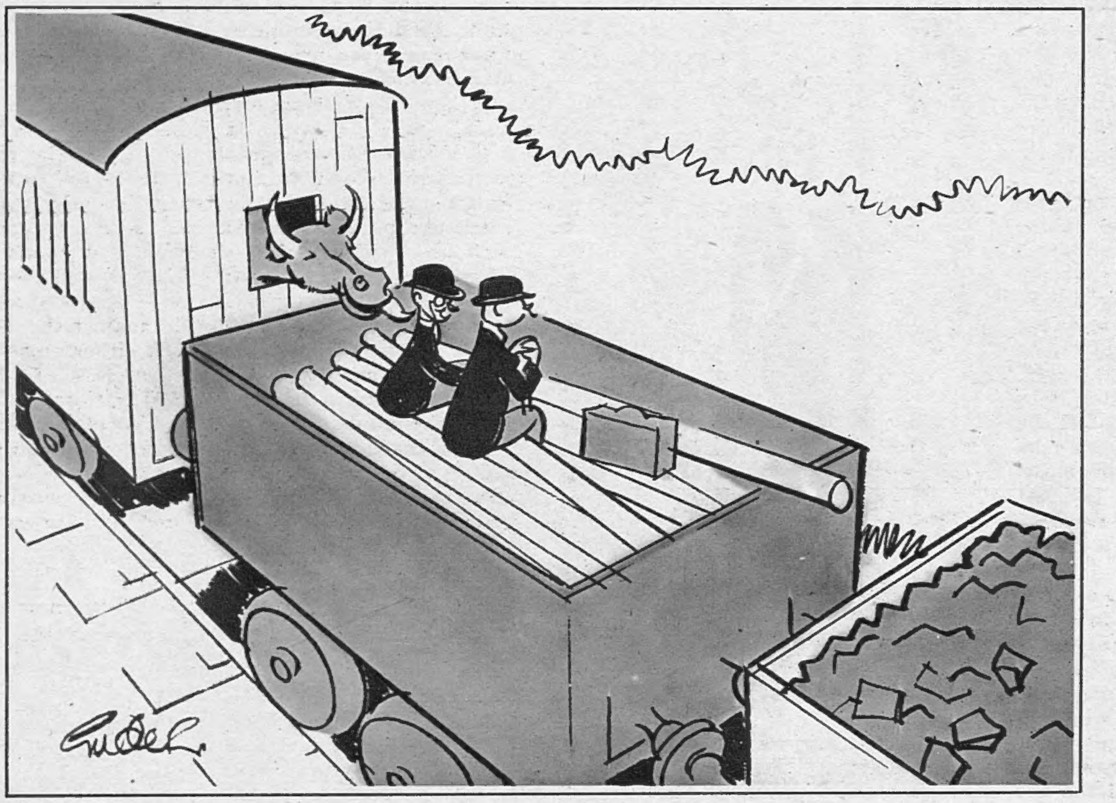
"My nephew's doing splendidly, thank you. Already he lands his machine much faster even than his flying instructor!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

The Turkish Problem. At least one Ministry has maintained an excellent service of information, and has never failed to catch the public ear, for it has things to say in which everybody is enormously interested. I refer, of course, to the Ministry of Food. Its news-value, always high, rapidly increases as Christmas approaches. The question on all lips is: What about

turkeys; and what about dried fruits? I was recently visiting (in an entirely spectatorial capacity) one of H.M. prisons, and the *chef* explained to me, not without complacency, the ingenuity with which he was accumulating dried fruits for plum-pudding for the "boys'" Christmas dinner. Evidently crime *does* pay! Please, Father Christmas Woolton, if the "boys" can have plum-pudding, can't respectable, rate-paying law-abiders have a bit? I learn, with admiration, that you have 361 cold stores in the country, each capable of holding 5600 tons of meat, bacon, butter and frozen eggs. I read of 1200 tons of butter, 3400 tons of meat and 60,000 New Zealand lambs, all under one roof, and no fewer than 10,000 secret food-stores here, there and everywhere. It all sounds like the "Arabian Nights"—but please, Sir, just a few currants and raisins, just one little turkey? Or, preferably, just one *big* turkey? Think it over, Right Honourable Sir. And, by the way, my Lord, I hope you enjoyed your cup of tea with the affable charlady the other day. You chose well; nobody can produce a better, fruitier, corpse-revivinger cupatea than a well-seasoned charlady.

A Scrap of Paper. With or without Lord Woolton's help, the grand old game of "Christmas shopping" goes on, but in new and simpler guise. No longer the exciting parcels in holly-spangled paper with the scarlet stars and stripes of St. Stephen—those invaluable take-the-will-for-the-deed wrappings which made the contents seem so much more opulent than they really were! No wrappings at all, in fact. You *can*, with luck, get a scrap of paper to hide the nakedness of a pound of sausages, but otherwise all your purchases are exposed to the pitiless light of day and the critical gaze of fellow-shoppers. Many acres of paper must thus be saved, and we realise what colossal wastage there must have been in times of peace. Truly does Mr. Bernard Shaw observe that the Paper Crusade is "fifty years late." There are too many books on our shelves, says Mr. Shaw—scrap the lot! And then buy some new ones; thus, at one and the same time, you will help the Minister of Munitions and support the deserving wives and families of authors. It seems a very public-spirited idea; I advise you to pulp this copy of *The Sketch* and immediately buy a new one. The Business Manager won't mind at all. Mr. Shaw, however, does suggest some rather perturbing effects on literature; he doubts whether he ought to consume paper in writing a new play. "We authors," as Disraeli observed to Queen Victoria, all feel the same. My own conscience troubles me a good deal. I had intended to write these "Motley Notes" on the paper that to-day's offal was wrapped in, but I found that it was already being used by other members of the household for private correspondence. Awkward! How appalling if "we authors" hadn't any paper to write on at all! Hitler would then have definitely won the war—but let us not dwell on such gruesome possibilities.



"These female porters! . . . I don't believe this is the Brighton train at all!"

DRAWN BY ENDER.

Signing the Pledge. I can say, with my hand on my heart, that I do all I can to economise paper, but I am very glad that Lord Beaverbrook has not asked me to swear an oath to that effect. When I am solemnly invited to sign a form, and to get other members of my family to sign a form, promising that I will "do everything in my power to save" all forms of fuel, I really ask myself whether an administration can be in its right mind which consumes mountains of paper in this Band-of-Hope foolery. Is there a veiled threat behind it? What happens to me if I don't sign the pledge? Will my gas and electricity be cut off? Will the next thing be a Statutory Declaration that I have never forgotten to turn the light off? Is not my common sense, not to mention my gas and light bills, sufficient safeguard? Of all wanton paper-wastages in official quarters, this seems to me the most egregious.

Esquire. Democracy ever advances, and now, it seems, is going to deprive us of the quaint but harmless old suffix of "Esquire"—or such is the revolutionary suggestion of a correspondent to *The Times*. I have never quite been able to make out whether I am like Justice Shallow, "a poor Esquire of this county"; poor, yes—honest, perhaps—but Esquire, I'm not so sure. Turning to that monument of erudition, the Oxford English Dictionary, I find that an Esquire is "a young man of gentle birth, an aspirant to knighthood." I fear I don't qualify in *that* class. Or an Esquire may be "a member of the higher order of English gentry," of which there are, apparently, no fewer than five classes. Let others decide whether I belong to a "higher order" or not, but I don't fancy my chances. Then, by a figure of speech, an Esquire may be "a gentleman who attends or escorts a lady in public." That gives us all a chance, but are we to infer that if one meets a lady in private, one ceases to be an esquire and a gentleman? Perish the thought! The subject is so complicated that, frankly, I don't care much whether they call me Esquire, or Mister, or Comrade, or Citizen, or just Alan or Kemp or Old Top. Who steals my purse steals trash, but who steals my Esquire can have it, and welcome.

And Missus. How fortunate are the French in their all-embracing (I speak metaphorically) Monsieur, though even in French there are sometimes problems about the correct and tactful use of Madame and Mademoiselle. These things are very mysterious. At one time, the universal appellation of Englishwomen was "Mistress," and the abbreviation "Mrs." applied equally to matrons and maids. When and why the married and the unmarried were divided into Missuses and Misses I have not the least idea, but our "Missus," as the vocal equivalent of "Mrs." remains to this day a barbarous corruption of "Mistress." Obviously, if democratic sentiment is offended by "Esquire," it cannot tolerate such an invidious title as "Mistress." Perhaps the difficulty will be solved by all women becoming Colonels, Captains, Sergeants and Privates, as I see we are now to have a Women's (or Auxiliary) Home Guard, in addition to A.T.S., W.A.A.F.s, W.R.N.S., V.A.D.s, and all the other letters of the alphabet.

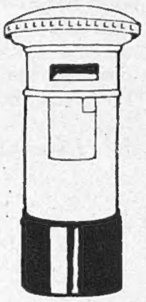
Caviare to the General. Democracy can't have it all its own way. It is reported that the Russian Embassy in Washington has had a party for three thousand guests, with caviare, champagne and sturgeon garnished with red flags. A good time was had by all. This Caviare to the General is a graceful concession to the weaknesses of capitalistic States, and if the example can be followed in this country I shall begin to be a fervent admirer of the Classless Society.

Quite Simple! What a rich and inexhaustible language is ours, ever full of surprises! "A.T.S. Crooner and England in Tune at Ibrox." "Milk Bar Gives Jump Fans Good Start." You don't get it? Merely headlines of sporting items. Now try again. Child's play, my dear Watson!

Our Optimists. Notice in a small sweet-shop window: "No Cigarettes. No Matches. No Sweets. No Chocolates. (Thank God, we still have our health!)." Yes, and thank God it's unrationed.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Here I am, home again. Three days in London is not enough, but I must tell you of the exciting morning I had with Linda before I left.

Linda is a Salvage Adviser to a Borough. When I said, "How grand that sounds!" she turned those marvellous eyes on me and said simply, "It *is* grand." I really believe she is prouder of being a Salvage Adviser than she was of being the best Juliet ever seen on the English stage. Her job, as far as I can make out, is to go round to all the houses in the Borough crying, "Bring out your dead!", and then people rush out into the street with their old family teapots, or tear up the railings in the front garden, and Linda takes them away in a wheelbarrow. At least, that is what she told me, but one mustn't expect the unvarnished truth from people with imaginations.

"*Linda arriving at the office.*"

Well, of course the Press soon got wind of these activities and came tearing round to the Salvage Headquarters, baying like hounds. Linda told me she really *did* want to be an anonymous Salvager, but as the matter was taken out of her hands she determined to give the *Evening Banner*, which was the paper which got the first refusal, so to speak, a run for its money.

That evening we went round to see Linda's two old great-aunts, Julia and Lucy, who live in a museum-piece house in a romantic square which is on Linda's salvage beat. Linda's Aunts are the sort of regal and delightful old ladies of whom people say, "They were intimate friends of Edward the Seventh, and he always went to tea there on Sunday afternoons." They have a parlour-maid called Emerson who has been with them for fifty years—and now you know exactly the sort of house it is.

Linda was greeted rapturously at the front door by Emerson, and asked to see her Aunts. We were shown into a room which had three original Landseers on the walls, and a mantelpiece draped with velvet. When Linda explained what she had come for, Aunts Julia and Lucy were on to it like lightning. It was easy to see from which side of the family Linda has inherited her dramatic talents.

"Will Emerson be all right?" said Linda.

"We will coach her in her part," said Aunt Lucy.

The next morning we arrived in good time at the Salvage Headquarters. Linda was wearing a new hat, and the young men from the *Evening Banner* were practically speechless with excitement.

"This is my assistant, Mrs. Brown," said Linda, pointing at me. "She accompanies me everywhere, for there are some streets in my district where No Woman Would Care To Go Alone."

"*Gooseberry wine.*"

The Salvage City Father, who adores Linda and would never ask her to visit a Street Where No Woman Cares To Go Alone, besides having spent the best years of his life eliminating such streets from the Borough, looked a little bleak at this, but sportingly said nothing.

The Other Young Man took photographs of Linda—(*a*) arriving at the office; (*b*) sitting at her desk; and (*c*) talking to the City Father. After that we set out in a taxi.

"I always choose my house by the window-curtains," said Linda as we drove into the Aunts' square.

"There's a good one," said the Reporter pointing.

"No, I think this one," said Linda firmly, and the taxi drew up at her Aunts' door.

Emerson answered the door, wearing spectacles and with her cap a little crooked. "I am the Salvage Adviser," said Linda. "Is your mistress at home?"

"I doubt whether they'll see you," said Emerson, in a strange, unnatural voice.

"Oh, please," said Linda, with the smile that used to bring the gallery cheering to its feet. It was on this occasion noted, in shorthand, by the Reporter in his little book.

We were shown into the drawing-room. Emerson retreated hastily, and there was a noise like a sneeze as she shut the door. Aunt Julia was sitting in a high-backed chair, doing tatting, and Aunt Lucy was playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on the piano, which was very out of tune.

"*Aunt Lucy was playing 'The Last Rose of Summer.'*"

"I am the Salvage Adviser," said Linda, in a rather shaky voice. "Is there any salvage you can let me have to help Old England in her hour of need?"

Aunts Julia and Lucy rose to their feet and stood side by side in dignified silence. Then Aunt Julia spoke. "My dear," she said, "my sister and I are in very reduced circumstances."

"Nearly all our possessions," said Aunt Lucy sadly, looking round the overcrowded room, "have come under the auctioneer's hammer to pay our debts."

"But England's call has never gone unheeded in this house," said Aunt Julia, and she went to a corner-cabinet and took out a pair of handsome Sheffield-plate candlesticks which she handed to Linda. "They were given to our father by Disraeli," she said simply.

Then Aunt Lucy went to the writing-desk and unlocked a drawer. She took out a little bundle of letters tied with pink ribbon. "Please take them," she said, and pressed them into Linda's hands.

The Other Young Man took a lot of photographs, and we were asked to partake of gooseberry wine. This was served by Emerson in long-stemmed glasses, and the Other Young Man took yet another photograph. I don't know what the gooseberry wine was, but there was a lot of gin in it, and we parted hilariously on the steps of the Salvage Office.

"You're a grand showman, Miss Linda Larcombe," said the Reporter, and I rather think there was a twinkle in his eye.

We took the candlesticks and the little bundle of letters back after tea. "Darlings, you were *magnificent*," said Linda, kissing them warmly, "and what *did* you do to the piano?"

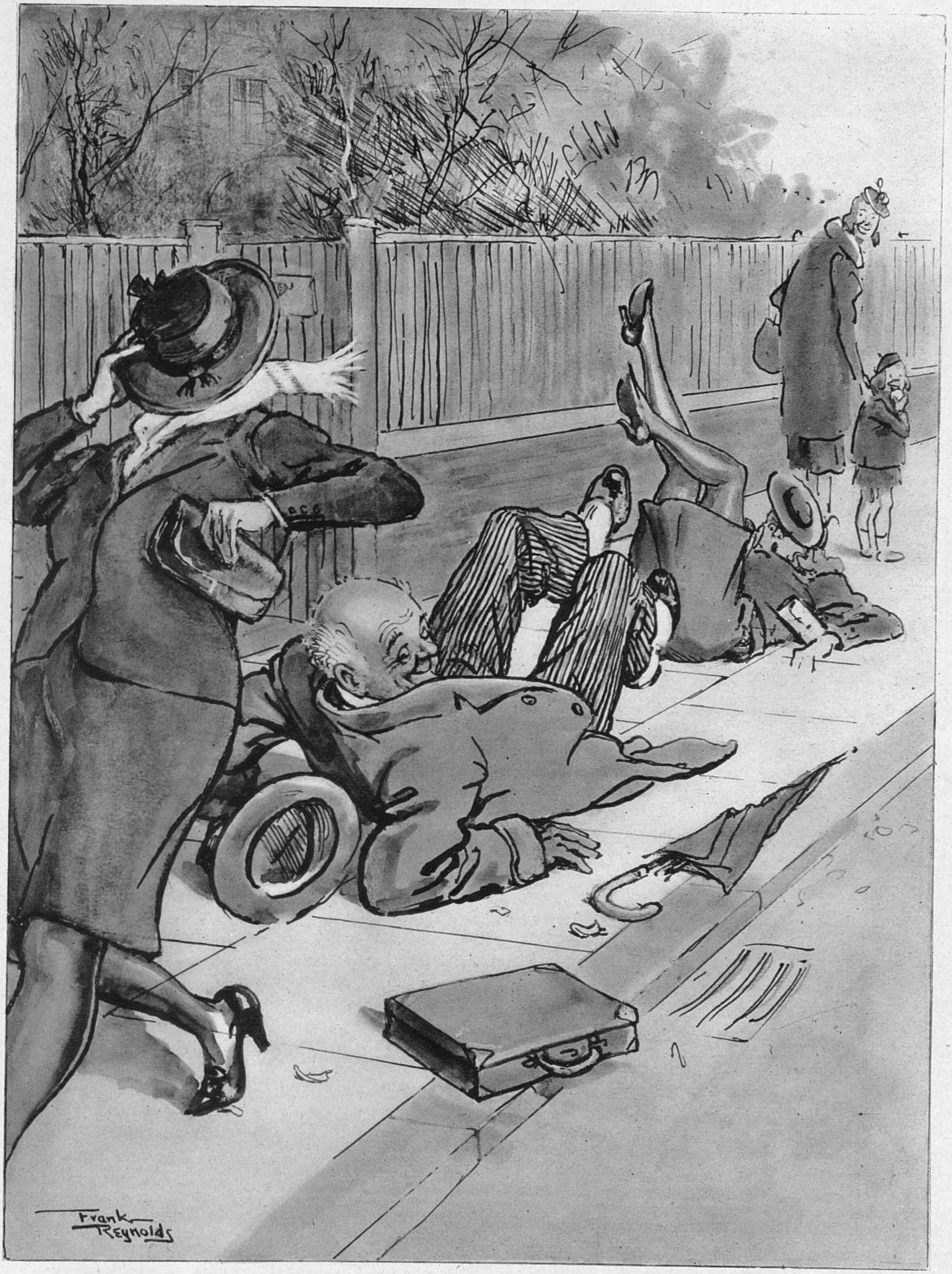
"I unscrewed some of those knobs inside with the pliers," said Aunt Julia.

"And are those really love-letters, Aunt Lucy?"

Aunt Lucy smiled. "There are six volumes of your grandfather's sermons waiting for your Salvage if you like to call for them in the morning," she said.

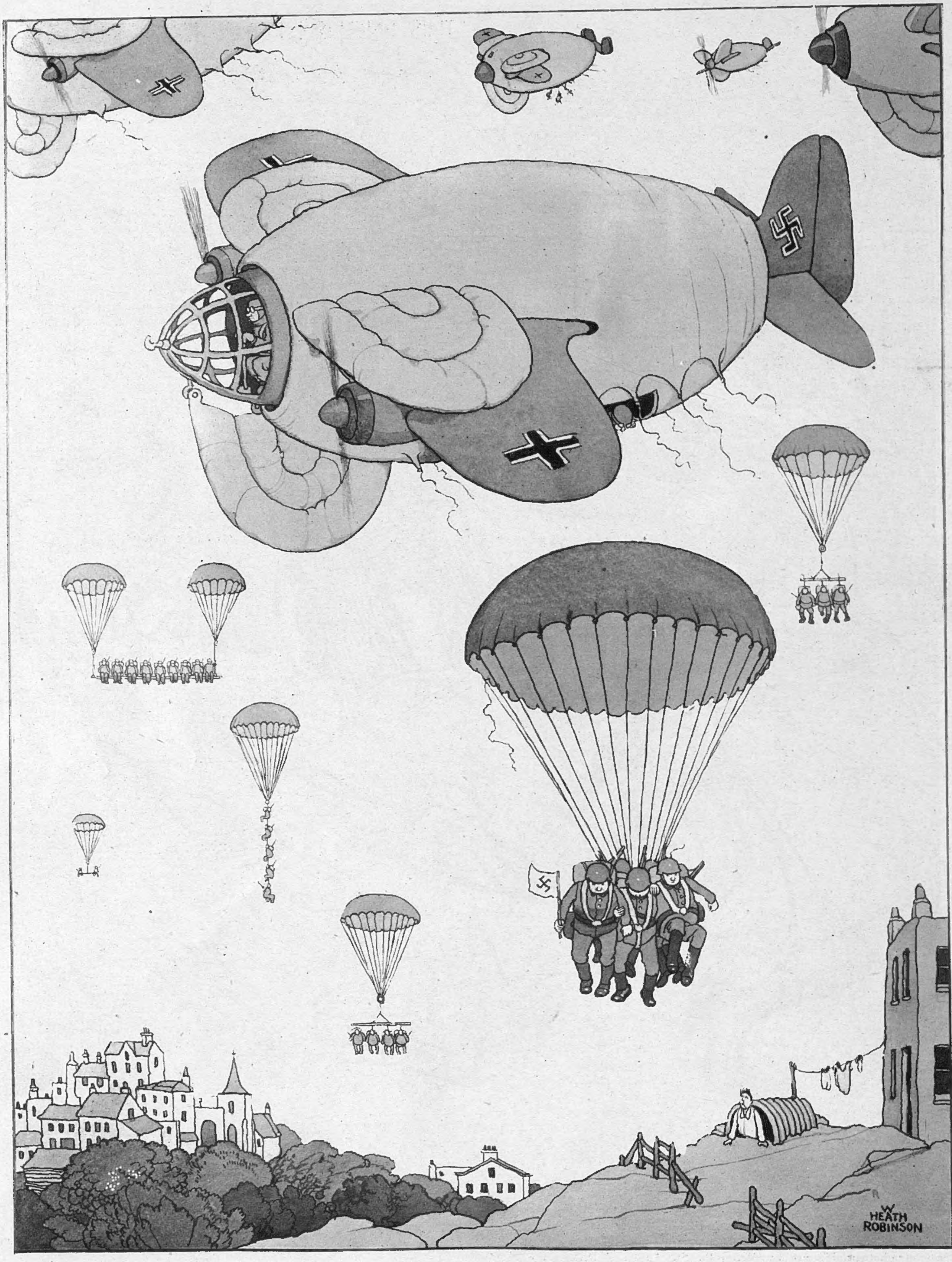
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



IT'S GOOD TO SEE ORANGE-PEEL AGAIN!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



ENEMY 'PLANES, DISGUISED AS BARRAGE BALLOONS, LANDING PARATROOPS DURING AN INVASION.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THIS ENGLISH PEACE OF YESTERDAY—AND TO-MORROW.

Sleepy village: "EYNSFORD."

Unhurrying country town: "LUDLOW."

Wild and remote: "THE MOORLAND PATH."

Deep rural peace: "A SOMERSETSHIRE MILL."

Seaside alley-way: "OLD FOLKESTONE."

These enchanting landscapes of England, breathing the peace of yesterday, are not reproductions of English water-colours or aquatints—they are masterpieces of photographic art by Mr. John St. Aubyn, F.R.P.S., the camera-artist, who is holding a one-man show at the Royal Photographic Society, Prince's Gate, from December 1 to 31. Readers will appreciate the national flavour of his art, which recalls the work of English water-colour painters such as Samuel Prout.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ST. AUBYN, F.R.P.S.

CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., England.

MY DEAR HANK,

Last week I took part in my first daylight raid (actually it was my first raid of any sort, but it rings better to say "daylight"—sort of gives the civvies the idea that I've done a whole heap of night raids). As I told you in my last letter, I have been scanning the Battle Order every night—but in vain. . . . So you can imagine how thrilled I was to see "T for Tommy—Sgt. Chalmers."

Well, I won't kid you that I passed a peaceful night, but I felt like a million bucks when I tumbled out in the morning. Everyone turned up at the hangar at nine-thirty ready for action, and the Crew Room looked like a honky tonk [dance-hall]. There were guys all over the place getting into their flying kits and looking like they were jitterbugs or deaf-and-dumb Martians. That, I guess, sounds like a contradiction in terms, but it isn't.

In one corner sat a group of six guys dolled up in all their Ops. finery. Mae Wests, Irvin jackets, brolly [chute] harnesses, begoggled helmets, flying boots and, last but by no means least, lucky scarves. There was hardly a squeak from those bozos—they just sat there: gargantuan grotesque hulks. In the middle of the room, however, could be seen the jitterbugs. These were the guys who were still endeavouring to fit all their kit on. With their arms waving madly and cursing blindly, they were staggering around the room, shrieking for assistance. It was not long before I joined the ranks of the latter.

"*Scanning the Squadron board.*"

"*Everyone turned up at the hangar at nine.*"

Presently the C.O. and the Intelligence Officer entered the room and the "briefing" [planning] began. Maps and charts and umpteen photographs were produced, and rapid but very comprehensive "gen" [information] was dished out. The C.O. gave us a short "pep" talk upon how easy was the job in hand. (Even if we didn't believe him it sure bucked us up to hear him say so.)

Well, it wasn't long after that, that I found myself sitting on the back of a lorry and being whisked away to my machine. Once we got into old "T for Tommy" things didn't seem to be so goddam'd bad after all. My observer produced a thermos flask full of piping-hot coffee. I produced three blocks of chocolate, so we were all set for quite a party. Presently we saw the Squadron Leader taxying out, so we wobbled over the field, too.

There were six of us going on this trip, flying in two V formations. I was number three in the first V; on the Squadron Leader's left, in other words. The target was not a specified one, we were just doing a "beat" over the sea, and hoping to find a ship or two at which to take a crack. The Squadron Leader turned into wind and waved his hand through the open glass-house [cockpit cover] and waited for me to turn into wind too.

With the throttles wide open and the tail well up, we bounced over the ground and juddered into the air. Actually, it was a pretty ropey [bad] take-off. After about fifteen minutes we reached the sea and got down low, packing in like sardines as we did so. It was all a great thrill at first, but after two hours it didn't seem such a jimdandy game after all.

I was beginning to feel real sleepy, when I suddenly heard my observer call out: "Better put your tin hat on, Brick—we've reached the danger area."

Well, I stuffed the old helmet, minus its padding, over my flying helmet and lowered my seat; switched my gun-button on to "Fire" and waited. . . . And that's about all.

After another half an hour we turned for home.

"Where are all the Jerry ships?" called Peter from the turret.

"Must have come too late," replied my observer; "they're all sunk!"

"What a —— bind," I said, and prepared to eat some chocolate.

"Look out, you oaf!" screamed Peter. "You're leaving the formation, or the formation is leaving you."

I peered out of the window and there they were, peeling away to starboard. Gee, Hank, did I whip those throttles wide! I was just going to ask my observer if it was on the menu that we should turn at this point, when I saw IT: a long column of blue-grey smoke spiralling heavenwards. A ship! I leaned over and fused the bombs.

Peter at the back had forgotten to switch off his "mike," and we could hear him bellowing "A life on the ocean wave." We both implored him to stop and then began to sing it ourselves. We were still singing it as we went in for the attack.

It was a fair-sized vessel of about 3000 to 4000 tons. A tanker of some sort. As we swooped up to clear the masts, I let all the bombs go. There was no opposition at all until we soared over the ship, and then ——. The first thing I recall noticing was the thin, venomous white lines which snaked their way towards us. I ducked my head and hoped I wouldn't hit the drink [sea].

Peter called through the Inter-Com.: "It's a ruddy flak ship, Brick—on your port side."

I peeped cautiously out of the window, and that was enough . . . the next thing I heard was Peter firing his guns at the flak ship.

Away ahead of me I could see the Squadron Leader. He had done the correct thing when he had soared over the tanker; he had turned to starboard and thus partly missed the fire from the escorting flak ship. I, the sprog [new pilot], had turned towards the fire.

"*Last, but by no means least, lucky scarves.*"

I called up Peter, "Where are all the other 'planes, I can only see three?"

"Two more coming up behind, Brick; we're all O.K., and the ship has just blown up. God, what a sight! Turn a bit to port and I'll get a photo."

As I turned I caught a glimpse of the tanker. As Peter said: "God, what a sight!" Even in that short time she was low down in the water, and a vast column of jet-black smoke billowed from amidships.

"That's a goner," I said, and hoped that one or two of *my* bombs had found their mark.

We saw nothing else on the way back home, but I still kept my tin hat on in case of snappers [fighters]. My observer passed the time away by drinking coffee and eating my chocolate. I hadn't seen him do anything during our little fracas, but it turned out later that he had taken some swell pictures of the ship.

Well, Hank, there's precious little left to tell. We all got back O.K. and found out upon landing that we had three small bullet holes through the wings; so I didn't pay very dearly for my mistake.

Everyone seemed very pleased with the whole show and the photos, when they were developed, showed that we had fixed the tanker good and proper. Well, there you have the pukka gen [inside information] on a shipping beat . . . now I'm beating it.

All the best,

DES. WOODS (BRICK CHALMERS).

"*He had taken some swell pictures.*"

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ELEANOR COUNTS, for discovering the perfect way to "Get a Load of This"!

Going one better than Poppæa, Roman Empress, with her legendary baths of asses' milk, ELEANOR COUNTS, *Queen of California Wine, stands under a shower of champagne, with a tonic effect both internal and external. As one of the countless queens of modern America, her imaginative press agent put her into a bathing suit, stood her under a vat of California champagne, opened the spigot, and let the stream drench her as she drank! He called this resulting photograph "The Spirit of American Champagne." The semi-dry population of this country may well view the feat with some slight heart-burning: anyhow, those of us who drink champagne.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN a director makes one good film, it may be luck. When he makes two, it 's a pleasant surprise. When he makes three, he has got to be watched. When he makes four, it 's getting serious. When he makes five, you can begin to think about calling him a great director. By this arithmetic, " TOM, DICK AND HARRY " (London Pavilion and Marble Arch Pavilion) makes a great director out of Garson Kanin. Kanin is the clever young man who was responsible

GARY COOPER is the Sergeant of " Sergeant York " (Warner Theatre), the true story of a Tennessee mountaineer—the greatest American hero of the last war—a conscientious objector who overcame his scruples, and who is now living. Before America becomes involved in the European conflict, his great ambition is to buy a section of bottomland. He obtains his option, and having found the money, is told to his fury that his land has been sold to another. WALTER BRENNAN as Pastor Rosier Pile, in the background, plays a parson who tries to draw York from his wild ways to religion.

for "A Man to Remember," " The Great Man Votes," " Bachelor Mother " and " They Knew What They Wanted." His present film is a mere trifle—a gauzy bit of escapist nonsense—but in every foot it shows the deft touch of a man who knows just how to get the best out of every little thing. It is skilled work, happy, humorous and charming.

America enters the war, and in due course York is called up. He makes a perfect soldier, but his comrades, finding that he had originally applied for exemption as a C.O., give him a bad time.

" Tom, Dick and Harry " is a Cinderella story with a difference. Ginger Rogers is the modern Cinderella, a romantic telephone operator who has not one Prince Charming, but three. Tom (George Murphy) is her " steady," an honest, ambitious young motor salesman with a talent for getting infinitesimal promotions, and a patriotic urge to hiss Hitler in the news-reels. Dick (Alan Marshal) is the millionaire of every schoolgirl's dreams. He is tall, dark and handsome ; nice, too, with more money and cars and aeroplanes than he knows what to do with. Harry (Burgess Meredith) is a bit of a misfit. He is a lazy, philosophic garage mechanic without any obvious recommendations as a breadwinner, but when a girl kisses him she hears bells ring. Cinderella, an optimist who can't say " No " to anybody, says " Yes " to all three. Really, in a way, she loves them all. When she isn't with them, she dreams about them—fantastic dreams which tell her just what will happen if she marries each. And still she can't decide. The choice hangs in the balance right up to the last moment of the picture.

Miss Rogers may have done more serious acting in " Kitty Foyle " and " The Primrose Path," but I have never found her more intelligent than she is here. She is intelligent enough to give a perfect sketch of a charming ninny, a feather-brained romantic who, as her young sister frankly remarks, " gets more adolescent day by day." Every pose, every yearning glance, every tone of her voice, you feel, has been copied from a young girl's dream of movie love. The men go easily through the piece, never over-straining, and taking the whole dilemma in the best of parts. Burgess Meredith, perhaps, strikes a deeper note. There is truth, and some pathos, as well as fun, in his little sketch. He never gets far away from life, and the Harry sequence is probably the best thing in a brilliant picture.

" WHEN LADIES MEET " (Empire) reintroduces the latest villain of the screen, the philandering publisher. This time it is bland Herbert Marshall who wants to be more than a publisher—a " friend "—to his lady novelists, and the lady he has picked for his current attentions is Mary Howard (Joan Crawford), best-selling authoress of " Gods of Destiny." Mary, as interpreted by Miss Crawford, is an intense young person who affects horn-rimmed glasses and sweeping, monkish robes. Although her adolescence is of a very different type from Miss Ginger's in " Tom, Dick and Harry," she is suffering from a pretty bad attack of it too. She has always been surrounded by imitations, she finds " nothing lasting, nothing real, nothing fine." Beloved by a mere journalist, Jimmy (Robert Taylor), she has discovered that their relationship is " trivial."

Not trivial at all—far otherwise—is her friendship with the publisher, who tells her that she has " the most romantic hands in the world—lovely, slender fingers—thoroughbred." Their cosy little evenings, discussing the new book, are only vaguely marred by the fact that the publisher has a wife. " He doesn't talk about her," Mary tells a friend, " He 's gallant—maybe he 's ashamed." " My dear," says the friend. " I hear she 's an intellectual droop." Vain, foolish hope ! She is played by Greer Garson.

Wife Clare (Miss Garson) blows into the rarefied *salon* atmosphere like a breeze from the sea. She is an outdoor girl, an amateur yachtswoman, wind-blown and independent and gay. Jimmy, the journalist, meets her at a party, and is possessed by a brilliant idea. He takes her out driving, arranges to land in a thunderstorm at the week-end cottage where Mary is working on her book, and introduces the unknown wife as his cousin. This is the big scene, of course, when Ladies Meet. Whatever Jimmy hoped to effect by the encounter, the real thing works out surprisingly. The ladies take to each other from the first. At midnight, cosily, in négligées, and with their feet up, they settle down to discuss Love and Life. Mary is worried about the last chapter of her novel, in which the heroine, a transparently autobiographical study, is in love with a married man. What shall heroine do, she asks. " I want my novel to be about an exceptional woman. I want her instincts to be fine."

Clare, unaware that they are discussing the same case, gives her own views of the married state. Odd though it seems, she loves the publisher too. She describes her restless life with him, his frequent trespasses, his penitent returns, and little by little Mary learns some of the facts that every novelist should know.

Most women will find this scene interesting, although personally I couldn't take my eyes away from Miss Greer Garson's side of the screen. In the end, of course, after blundering male interruption, the tangle is straightened out. The publisher hurries out into the night to make another penitent return to Clare. Mary, remarkably well-groomed, I thought, for the small hours,

Having performed incredible feats of valour, Sergeant York returns to New York from France, is received with éclat and immense offers from film and theatrical producers. But he turns them all down, goes back to his farm and his preaching in Tennessee. President Roosevelt made a reference to the real Sergeant York one year in an address from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

appreciates that Jimmy has " a quality that is very rare." Love with him may be trivial, but it is at least safe.

" HATTER'S CASTLE " (Plaza) is really a one-man show for Robert Newton, who plays one of the biggest beasts in modern fiction with a grandeur that we rarely see in the current throw-away school of acting. The film is little more than a detailed account of the rise and fall of James Brodie, the tyrannical hatter of a little town near Glasgow. The time is a hundred years ago. The hatter is a big, black-browed brute, half-fanatic, half-madman, who has built himself a crazy villa like a mediæval castle. Because of his money, his position and his business success, he is boss of the town. Employees and rivals cringe before him. He keeps a barmaid mistress. He bullies his sick wife, and refuses to give her medical attention. He insults the young doctor (James Mason) who tries to help her. He beats his daughter (Deborah Kerr), kicks her and throws the furniture at her. Finally, he drives her out of his home in a thunderstorm. He spoils his son, but only so that the boy shall do better than the rest of the school. Brodie is beast all through, hell-bent for Nemesis. And the whole interest of the film is to watch Nemesis come upon him.

It comes all right. A rival firm of hatters from Glasgow take the shop next door and ruin Brodie's business. His daughter is seduced by the shop assistant (Emlyn Williams). His wife threatens to leave him, but dies of cancer before she can cross the threshold. In a drunken fury he smashes up his shop. They foreclose the mortgage on his villa. The barmaid leaves him for richer clients. Bankrupt, drunk and deserted, he pins his last hopes on his son. But the boy cheats in a scholarship examination, and blows out his brains when his father discovers it. There is nothing left for Brodie to do but set fire to his fantastic castle and die in the ruins, muttering wildly, " Bricks and mortar, it was for you I slaughtered all that I hold dear. But what I have built up I can destroy."

" Hatter's Castle " is a dark, wild piece, with scarcely a happy moment in it. But it is well done, in the only way such a picture could be done—outrageously, fantastically. And Mr. Newton is tremendous. In a part that was originally intended for Charles Laughton, he gives a virtuoso performance that any young actor might be proud of. His vast control in the earlier scenes, the smouldering wildness of glance, the hushed menace of voice, lay just the right foundation for the thunder of the climax. Even in the madness at the close he never loses his sense of the dramatic value of contrast. I don't know when I remember a more horrid moment, more fraught with suppressed mania, than that one just before the holocaust, when he goes softly about the kitchen humming " O, who will o' er-r-r the doons with me ; O, who will with me r-r-ride. . . ." It 's terrifying.

The sort of life that is depicted in " MOON OVER MIAMI " (Odeon) is about as remote and fantastic to a wartime British audience as an *Arabian Nights* tale, but many people are sure to get a vicarious enjoyment from it. Designed as a follow-up to those lavish South American musicals " Down Argentine Way," and " That Night in Rio," " Moon Over Miami " is a Technicolor pageant of costume and sports and dancing and non-stop parties in America's millionaire playground.

The plot—to use a euphemism—is about two blonde sisters from a hamburger stand (Betty Grable and Carole Landis) who inherit a small legacy and capitalise it on a trip to Miami, with the simple and laudable object of finding a rich husband. Kay (Miss Grable) is the self-elected millionairess-to-be. Barbara (Miss Landis) puts on spectacles and a tailored suit and poses as her secretary. Aunt Susan (Charlotte Greenwood) goes along too, as maid to Miss Grable.

You who know your musical comedy will readily understand that the man the heroine chooses (Don Ameche) is not the millionaire. He was until three days ago, and still, for a pauper, seems reasonably flush of cash. But steel, his family business, won't pay dividends for five years, it seems. Which naturally puts the lovers into a financial predicament. The problem is solved, however, by the simple expedient of letting Barbara take off her spectacles and catch a real millionaire (Robert

The screen version of Rachel Crothers' successful play " When Ladies Meet " (Empire), is written by S. K. Lauren and Anita Loos, and its stars are ROBERT TAYLOR *as Jimmy Lee, impetuous lover of* JOAN CRAWFORD *as Mary Howard, writer of popular romantic books. Her publisher, Rogers Woodruff* (HERBERT MARSHALL) *is leaning over her shoulder; Clare Woodruff* (GREER GARSON) *is Roger's wife. The production is reviewed here.*

CAROLE LANDIS *and* ROBERT CUMMINGS *sit romantically on the beach in " Moon Over Miami " (Odeon), a swinging musical in Technicolor, reviewed in this article. Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Charlotte Greenwood are others of the glittering cast in this film of a millionaires' playground.*

Cummings). The pauper makes an honest living by selling refrigerators, which will keep him and his Kay in the style to which they are accustomed until steel pulls round again. Before the couples are finally sorted out, " Moon Over Miami " gives everyone a grand time around Miami's richest night-haunts and most fancied beauty spots.

I don't know how you will occupy your mind while you watch "ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS " (Carlton), but perhaps the best thing would be just to concentrate on the Technicolor. This is curious and fascinating, whether it shows you the new shades in sarongs or depicts a holy mountain in eruption. Remarkable are the moments when blue and yellow bubbles rise to the surface of a pool, while a stream of lava like golden syrup meets a tidal wave like the spurt of a soda-water siphon.

The film begins with the betrothal of the child Aloma to Tanoa, son of the ruler of the island. Tanoa is sent to America to be educated as a white man. Aloma is left gazing into a pool, crowned with white blossoms, and admiring her reflection. Veteran filmgoers will not be surprised to find her still there fifteen years later, turned into Miss Dorothy Lamour, and crooning " White Blossoms of Tah-Ni." The grown-up, the Lamour Aloma, is half in love with Revo (Philip Reed), a bad young man with a shark's-tooth necklet. Little does she guess that her betrothed, Tanoa (Jon Hall), just back from Harvard, has only to catch her sarong on his fishing-hook and she will lose her heart to him. But he does, and she does, and there follow happy days in the island Eden.

The black heart of Shark's-tooth Revo, however, is filled with jealousy. Disposing of his own young woman (Katharine de Mille), he gets hold of a machine-gun and goes out to wreck the Aloma-Tanoa marriage ceremony. But Revo is out of luck. His first round kills the High Priest, who has fortunately just united the young lovers in holy matrimony, and brings down the wrath of the volcano upon him. Bride, groom and wedding-guests narrowly escape death from the molten lava, but they do escape, grimy but uninjured. Revo is crushed beneath falling rocks.

A dream sequence in Gainsborough's " Hi, Gang ! " (at the New Gallery Cinema on December 7) shows the remarkably live head of VIC OLIVER *as Court musician Vichamid, reposing on a dish. Ben Lyon, playing Herod, has ordered his decapitation to please Bebe Daniels' Salome.*

WEDDINGS, A NEW COMEDY, SPORT AND NOTABLE PERSONALITIES :

Students at the SCHOOL FOR AIRCRAFT DRAUGHTSWOMEN *inaugurated by Mrs. F. G. Miles, the aeroplane designer, visit the factory during their training, to see the 'planes under construction.*

A family lunch followed the marriage of CAPTAIN LORD EBURY *to the* HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER. *The* HON. MRS. H. LYLE *and baby* LORNA, *the* HON. MRS. J. YARDE-BULLER, MRS. WESSELL *(mother of the bride),* VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT, COUNTESS CADOGAN, *the* HON. MRS. HUGH GROSVENOR, *the* BRIDEGROOM, *the* BRIDE, *the* HON. LADY YARDE-BULLER, *and the* DUKE OF LEINSTER *are left to right.*

Left : H.E. *the* BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL, SIR NOEL CHARLES, *and* LADY CHARLES *were photographed in Washington on their way to Brazil.*

Right : MRS. CONINGHAM *is the wife of Air Vice-Marshal Arthur Coningham, Air Officer Commanding, Western Desert, the officer in command of the R.A.F. in the great new battle of Libya.*

"LOVE IN A MIST," *at the St. Martin's, is the comedy of an interrupted honeymoon. Rose* (ANNA KONSTAM; *left) and Pat* (ANN TODD) *are trying to restrain Howard* (MICHAEL SHEPLEY) *and Nigel* (RICHARD BIRD; *right).*

"Love in a Mist" : Pat (ANN TODD) *and Nigel* (RICHARD BIRD) *can't manage to be alone on their honeymoon! Here the unwanted extras are Rose* (ANNA KONSTAM) *and Howard* (MICHAEL SHEPLEY).

THE CAMERA TAKES A LOOK ROUND AT THE WARTIME WORLD.

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL BIDDLE, *wife of the U.S.A. Ambassador to the Allied Governments, played with the children at the Fairmile nursery for children of war-workers after she had opened it.*

A new feature of the NORTHERN COMMAND CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP *was provided by the broadcasting of the progress of the race to those interested, around the finishing-post, by portable set.*

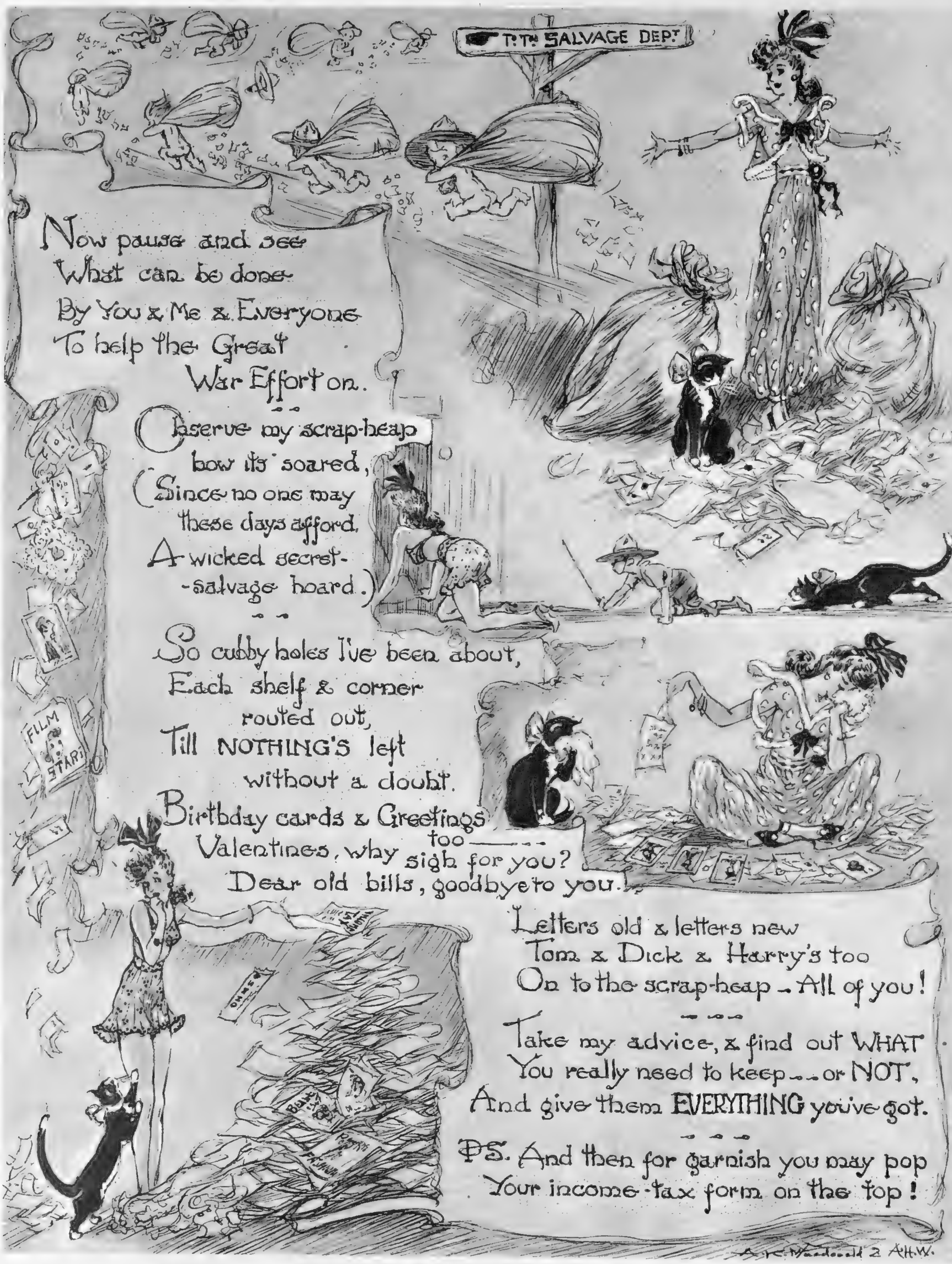
Left: MRS. NYE *is the wife of Major-General A. E. Nye, M.C., who has just been appointed Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. She is chief of the Chelsea W.V.S., and works with her mother, Lady Knox.*

Right: The marriage of MISS DIANA HAMBRO, *daughter of Sir Charles Hambro, to Lieut. James David Gibson Watt, Welsh Guards, will take place shortly.*

SERGEANT BETTY RUST *makes hangars and huts disappear! She's a camouflage expert. A graduate in architecture, she joined the A.T.S. as a draughtswoman. She has invented a new cartridge-case.*

ADY BROOKE *is the wife of General Sir Alan Brooke, K.C.B., S.O., the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff. She is with her children,* KATHLEEN *and* VICTOR.

The marriage of MISS PEGGY KATHLEEN CAPEL-SLAUGHTER, *only daughter of Mr. A. Capel-Slaughter, to* CAPTAIN MICHAEL ANTONY THOMAS BURKE, *the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and the Reconnaissance Corps, son of Major T. H. Burke, took place at New Alresford.*



SEND YOUR OLD LOVE-LETTERS—BUT NOT WITH LOVE—TO THE GERMANS!

Turn out your old love-letters, or even your most recent ones, your files of bills (all paid, we hope!), your dress-boxes, catalogues, ancient photographs on fine cardboard mounts, and any other paper salvage you can find, and you will help to win the war. The need for paper and cardboard in the manufacture of munitions is urgent, and if every woman in the country went through her cupboards and looked out every scrap of paper or cardboard for the waste-paper collectors, the day of victory would be brought appreciably nearer.

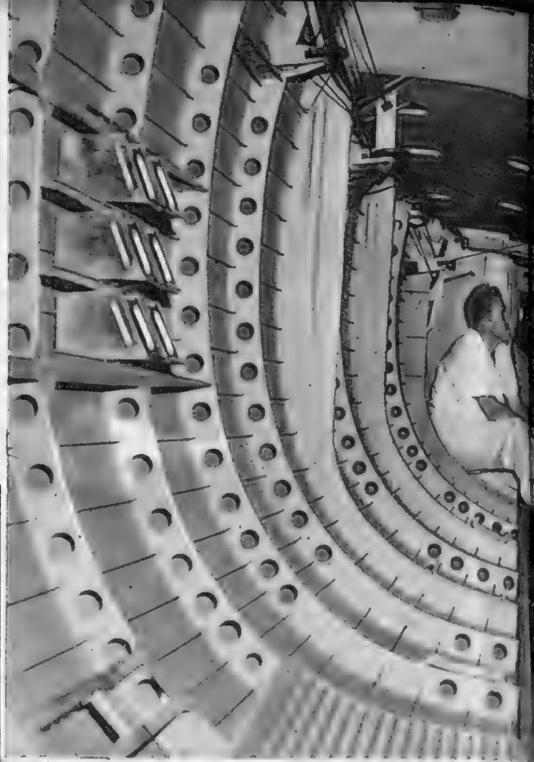
DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

BEAUTIFUL INDIAN WAR-WORKER.

MRS. SHAMALDHAREE LALL *is the wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for India, and one of the most attractive Indian ladies in England. She was a hostess at the Empire Ball held at Grosvenor House on November 21 in aid of the British Social Hygiene Council. She works very hard in connection with the Indian Comforts Fund, which sends over 2000 food parcels to Indian prisoners of war every week, and supplies comforts to the Indian seamen and other Indian troops in this country. She has five children, and on December 18 has arranged to broadcast to India on the care of children.*

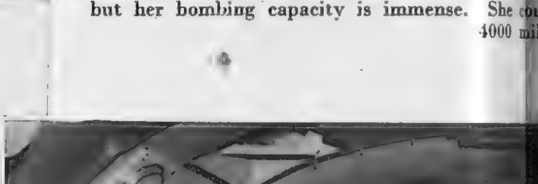
PHOTOGRAPH BY PEARL FREEMAN.

INSIDE THE WORLD'S LARGEST BOMBER:



Zorina and Air Corps Inspector Ed. Harbison
huge fuselage. Behind Zorina, the compan

THESE photographs are the first pictures ever "B-19," the biggest bomber in the wo dancing star of Broadway and Hollywood, was Benjamin Weir, commander of March Field, Cal of this monster 'plane; which called for 9000 rivets were used, the cost being estimated at 5 whose wings spread 212 ft., whose rudder rises fuselage holds more than two miles of control but her bombing capacity is immense. She co 4000 mi

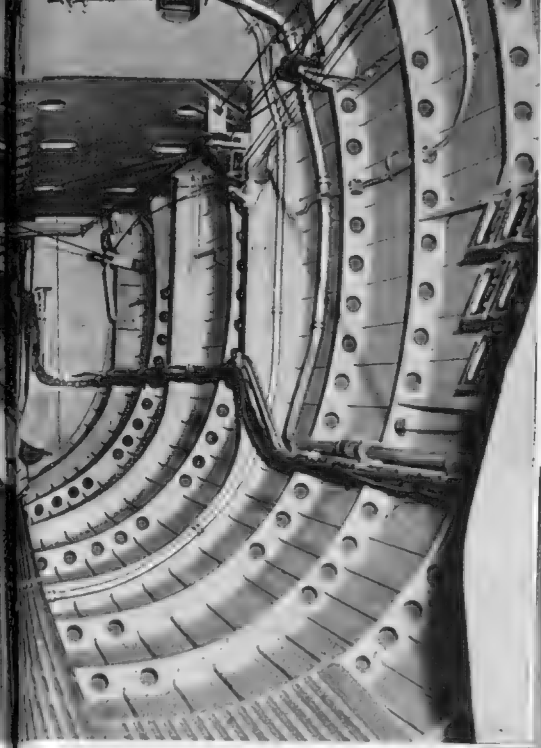


In the CONTROL CABIN. *Zorina is in the pilot's navigator's station.* MRS. WEIR *is standing next Bombardier's compartment. The vacant seat at t issues orders to*

Left: ZORINA *tries to test the tyre pressure with her fingers! The retractable landing-wheels weigh 2363 lb. each.*

N.B. Colour p

ZORINA VIEWS THE DOUGLAS "B-19."



...xamining the after-section of the "B-19's" ...ing leading to the rear gun can be seen.

...ished showing the interior of the DOUGLAS ... They were taken when VERA ZORINA, ... over the battleship of the air by Colonel ...ur years of work have gone to the making ...gn drawings; while 3,000,000 hand-driven ...5,000 dollars. The result is a flying monster ... stories off the ground, and whose huge ...le. "B-19" is now used for experiments, ...ump 18 tons of bombs on a target almost ...ilway.

..., and COLONEL BENJAMIN WEIR *is in the ...e co-pilot's chair and over the hatch to the ...t is the commander's post, from which he ...w of ten.*

Right: LEAVING CREW QUARTERS, *Zorina comes forward. The big hole on the right leads to one of the bomb bays.*

...nserted here.

HARD-PLAYING GINGER ON A HOLIDAY SET.

In the great Del Monte pool; GINGER ROGERS *enjoys floating lazily in the warm water.*

Sailing on Carmel Bay in an 18-footer boat belonging to Stuart Haldorn of Monterey.

Ginger didn't restrict her bathing to the Del Monte pool, but enjoyed many a dip in the ocean.

A crack shot at skeet, Ginger uses a specially built Belgian gun.

Ginger had never before done much sailing, but soon learnt the knack of handling sheet and tiller.

Peering out from under a sun-helmet of Philippine Kapa shell which filters out harmful rays and protects sensitive skins.

GINGER ROGERS, hard-working, hard-playing young winner of the Motion Pictures Academy Award, usually spends her "between-picture" holidays at "hideaway" resorts, but recently went to Del Monte, the famous South Californian play-place, for a change of vacation. Ginger likes to try her hand at every outdoor sport, and is so quick and adaptable that her friends call her "Champ." She took to sailing and enjoyed it; bathed in the great Del Monte pool and the ocean, as she 's a strong swimmer; and tried to get her handicap down at golf. She could get into the first flight if she had more time to devote to practice. She rides well and enjoys going round her new Oregon ranch on horseback. She 's a crack shot at skeet, plays several musical instruments, and likes sketching.

Right: A keen golfer, but she doesn't get enough time to play down to her best form. Putting 's not her strongest point, but she 's a trier.

HARD-WORKING GINGER ROGERS IN HER NEW SUCCESS.

GINGER ROGERS *has scored yet another hit as Janie, the telephone girl heroine of* "TOM, DICK AND HARRY."

Janie selects a husband from her three suitors, Dick (ALAN MARSHAL), *Tom* (GEORGE MURPHY) *and Harry* (BURGESS MEREDITH).

Janie visualises her marriage to Dick, the rich young man who can offer her luxury and ease. Dick is the " Prince Charming " of every girl's romantic dream.

Love in a cottage? Janie conjures up a vision of what her life would be as the wife of poor man Harry, the garage mechanic.

Janie visualises her marriage to her " steady " Tom (GEORGE MURPHY), *the honest, ambitious young motor salesman, who has always loved her.*

"TOM, DICK AND HARRY," Ginger Rogers' new R.K.O. Radio picture at the London Pavilion and Marble Arch Pavilion, is a gay, light-hearted and frivolous picture in which Miss Rogers appears as a romantic telephone girl, with three suitors: her "steady" Tom; attractive, penniless garage mechanic Harry, of the merry disposition; and rich and handsome Dick, who can offer her every worldly advantage. She dreams of life as it would be with each man—but still cannot find the answer. Finally, however, she makes a choice which is satisfactory to all parties—except the two " also rans "!

Left: Love in a palace? Janie visualises the glories of life as the wife of rich man Dick.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE problem of evil is one that always interested Sir Hugh Walpole and provided the subject of many of his novels. To him, evil was not a mere abstraction, it was a force that entered into human beings and possessed them. I do not remember if the Devil makes a personal appearance in any of his books, but there are plenty of characters so like him as to be almost indistinguishable. The moment they make their influence felt, everything goes wrong and continues to go wrong until some kind of exorcism is discovered. It always is discovered, I think, for Sir Hugh did not believe that evil is incurable; and this belief softened his heart towards the vehicles of mischief, who are seldom represented as being bad through and through, like Iago—though often their malignity is almost as motiveless as his.

Gossip and a Catastrophe. In his posthumous novel, "The Blind Man's House," his preoccupation with evil, which was less noticeable in the "Herries" chronicles, returns with full force, stimulated, it is easy to see, by the war and the desire to find some explanation for it in the moral order. Julius Cromwell, a blind man lately married to a girl fifteen years his junior, undergoes, as a result of this experience, a violent revolution in his mental and emotional constitution; unable to see what is going on round him, but well able to hear the whispers (on one occasion deliberately) poured into his ear, he lets his mind accumulate a mass of inflammable material which jealousy of Celia starts into a flame. She, in her turn, is as much at sea as he is; she realises her unpopularity in the village to which she is a newcomer, and the unkind gossip going on about her, but being a child of Nature she has no notion of how to fight a shadow-battle with these undeclared and seemingly friendly enemies. The villagers themselves, from Mrs. Brennan, the Rector's beautiful wife, to Douglas Gayner, the ne'er-do-well son of the Cromwells' devoted housekeeper, themselves catch the infection they are so assiduously spreading. Mrs. Brennan quarrels with her children, Miss May Vergil has a painful scene with her best friend. Perhaps only Mrs. Mark, whose nature was serene and balanced, and the Rector's youngest son, a remarkably detached and self-confident child (who, however, was responsible for most of the trouble), kept their heads. The rest succumbed to the prevailing spiritual influenza. So foul a sky clears not without a storm. A catastrophe is needed to bring these people to their senses, and a catastrophe occurs.

Detective story-writer MARGERY ALLINGHAM (Mrs. P. Youngman Carter) published her first story at the early age of sixteen. She has been writing ever since, and her spectacled detective Albert Campion is known in many European countries, besides America; his latest adventure, "Traitor's Purse," is having an excellent reception. Miss Allingham is seen in the bar of her home at Tolleshunt d'Arcy, one of the prettiest of the Norman Essex estuaryside villages. On the bar walls are trophies which have taken a lifetime to collect.

The Moral. The episode of Celia wandering out into the storm is rather melodramatic in conception, and indeed a good many of the incidents are tinged with melodrama, though not so deeply dyed in it as village gossip affirmed. Always a romantic and symbolical writer, Sir Hugh Walpole was never quite at his ease when describing the actual world. His imagination soon tired of imitating the surface of life; he much preferred fantasy and to see existence in a glass darkly. He loved mystery, half-tones, twilight. Certain kinds of verisimilitude, the ability to make a duchess talk like a duchess or a coalman like a coalman, were not outside his range; this story contains several sharply-drawn sketches and isolated scenes remarkable for naturalness. But his grasp of the real world is unreliable and sometimes feeble, whereas his sense of allegory is instinctive and consistent. He is like a translator whose work seems less impressive after one has compared it with the text—the text of ordinary life. But he was an artist and within his limitations a seer; he was not content with observing phenomena, he tried to give them a meaning. Condensed into a few words, the moral of "The Blind Man's House" does not seem very impressive or original. Human beings are like blind men, stumbling about full of mutual suspicion: could they be more generous, less censorious and keep in closer touch with each other, such calamities as the present war would not arise. A truism, perhaps; but to turn a truism into a truth, to restore its lost virtue and make us realise its vital importance is a considerable feat, and a feat which Sir Hugh Walpole very nearly brought off in his last novel.

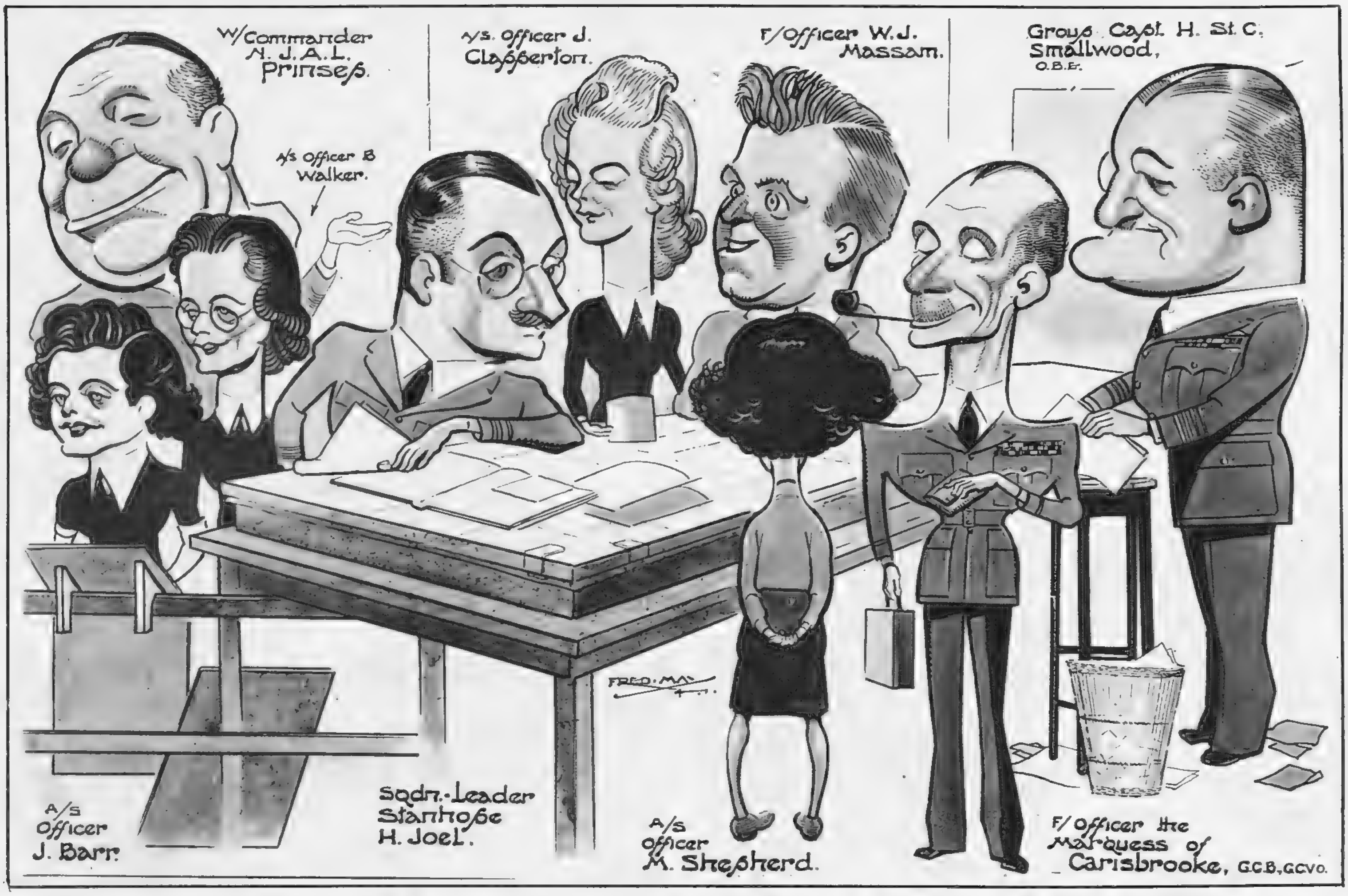
Very nearly, but not quite. The ending is too abbreviated and perfunctory to be really satisfying. All these changes of heart, these promises of lasting reformation, happen too hastily to carry conviction; it is reminiscent of a fairy-tale, in which "they all lived happily ever after." One remembers that a thunderstorm often unsettles the weather; one remembers that human nature has never taken to heart the sharpest lesson. Still, to believe that one day it may is not wishful thinking, but an instinct so radical that without it one could hardly want to keep alive; and it is this belief that inspired Sir Hugh Walpole's last novel.

The Philosophic Background. It does not inspire "Hangover Square," for this is a book which, if it is to be regarded as a commentary on life, embodying a considered view of it, can only have been conceived in the most unrelieved pessimism. One has no right, of course, to assume that it represents Mr. Patrick Hamilton's general outlook. A work of art can be considered—though it is not easy to do so—apart from any implications it may have, social, moral, metaphysical or religious. It is itself. The world is not sad because one has heard a sad story, or gay because one has been told a lively one; and an artist's creative faculty may be set in motion by stimuli quite unconnected with general ideas. At the same time, most great artists—certainly most great writers—have had a philosophical background to their work, and it would not be doing Mr. Hamilton a service to suggest that his had not.

A Special Case. Still, he is dealing with a very special case, a pathological case; a man who is the victim of schizophrenia and who, when his *alter ego* takes possession, becomes a homicidal maniac. Whether it was necessary to make George Harvey Bone a technical schizophrenetic I rather doubt; in some ways his being so weakens the story. George was in love with Netta Longdon, a beautiful but unsuccessful film-actress with a ready and cruel tongue, a cold nature, and just enough energy to gold-dig for the innumerable drinks with which she whiled her time away. With no redeeming feature except her beauty, she is an incarnation of evil. George the first was her slave, ready to put up with any cruelty from her; George the second wanted to murder her. But this dual state of mind is common enough in infatuated lovers, from Catullus onwards; it can be explained without recourse to divided personality. Mr. Hamilton wants all our sympathy for George, and represents him as being in normal moments a creature of flawless amiability who couldn't have hurt a fly. But he had an immense capacity for suffering, and it is difficult to believe that his sensitive nature could have endured so much mental torture without turning on the

author of it. To isolate his murderous moods in a watertight compartment inaccessible to his ordinary self makes him less real and convincing as a human being, and his tragedy is for that reason less moving, though no less distressing.

A Hate-worthy Heroine. But if we accept Mr. Hamilton's postulate and we can bear to read such a painful and depressing record of ignominious, misspent lives, his story, considered as a story, is brilliant and absorbing. In technique it reminds one of certain modern American writers of the "tough" school, the style is full of pep and punch and the characters cultivate the same laconic rudeness, though there are no shootings-up: Netta and her crew of pub-crawling loafers are too abject to be dangerous. Mr. Hamilton is extraordinarily skilful in the way he makes it plain book, not the last. Like Netta Longdon, and in much the same way, Netta Maule had been "asking for it"; she had been the toast of the island of Fiji, and had covered herself with silver ornaments at the expense of her admirers, without apparently giving them much in return. This I found difficult to believe; but on the whole the Europeans in Fiji were too easy-going to feel much resentment against the most beautiful woman in the island, either for what she had, or had not, done. Who, then, killed Netta Maule, and when?—for Inspector Spearpoint, that plodding sleuth, and his very entertaining finger-print expert, Sub-Inspector Sharpe, had to consider a number of alibis in which a few minutes, one way or the other, were vitally important. The reader's time-sense has to be unusually acute to take in so many appeals to it. In this connection there are some *longueurs*, and the motive for the murder



Here is a most important branch of the Royal Air Force—the people in charge of the AIR-RAID WARNINGS. *Its operational area embraces the British Isles, and Group Captain Smallwood and the other well-known figures with him have had a big share in its expansion.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

that this reigning beauty of the half-world was a poor creature in the eyes of almost everyone outside it. Her falseness, meanness and snobbishness are never on the grand scale or in the grand manner: yet she is eminently hate-worthy, Mr. Hamilton sees to that. In the intensity of his dislike he even endows her, and her satellites, with Nazi sympathies. This is, I think, a false touch, for they had none of the latter's perverted Puritanism and fanatical purposefulness: they were merely wasters and would hardly be interesting but for the intense dislike they arouse in their creator. Everything they do and say is subtly calculated to outrage one's sense of decency—though they seldom do or say anything particularly outrageous. Hatred has been Mr. Hamilton's inspiration in this extremely clever novel, for though there are several "nice" characters in it—Johnnie Littlejohn, for instance, and his debonair employer, Eddie Carstairs, and others drawn in neutral tones—their niceness or their inoffensiveness is presented in such a way as to show up the lack of such qualities in Netta and her drunken rout. Even George, for whom the author obviously has an affection, is, as it were, a signpost pointing to the gulf between saints and sinners. Hatred is a first-rate stimulus, but not a nourishing food. "Hangover Square" has all the drive and effectiveness of a first-rate work of art, as well as an unimpeachable moral; but if one considers it as a criticism of life, one feels that the author, in his anxiety to make his point, has been over-selective, an advocate rather than a seeker after truth.

Another Netta. Mr. Frank Arthur produces another Netta to be murdered, but this act of justice (if so it can be called) is performed in the first chapter of his does not seem quite adequate; otherwise, I have little but praise for a story which, besides the novelty of its setting, has the merits of being unusually well written and amusing.

Two Distinguished Prose-writers. Messrs. Faber and Faber's "Sesame Books" include two delightful volumes, selected reprints of the work of two of the best prose-writers of our time. "The Picnic" contains eight short stories by Mr. Walter de la Mare, the winnowing of a harvest of thirteen years. They need no recommendation. They are rich, beautiful, imaginative, subtle, a literary luxury; they belong to an epoch when life had overtones, and art could listen for them without being deafened by the crash of bombs; that is why these horns of elfland sometimes seem to blow a little faintly now. Mr. Henry Williamson's sketches of country life in "As the Sun Shines," being more *terre-à-terre*, less dependent on a complex and delicate balance between thought and imagination, directed rather to the eye than to the mind's eye, are perhaps better able to make their effect felt. Lovely, fastidious work, they yet have the strength and stamina of the soil on which they lean.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Blind Man's House. By Hugh Walpole. (*Macmillan; 8s. 6d.*)
Hangover Square. By Patrick Hamilton. (*Constable; 8s. 6d.*)
Who Killed Netta Maule? By Frank Arthur. (*Gollancz; 8s.*)
The Picnic, and Other Stories. By Walter de la Mare. (*Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.*)
As the Sun Shines. By Henry Williamson. (*Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.*)

The twenty-fifth of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

GANGSTERS AND A FLOOR SHOW IN THE ORCHID ROOM!

Circus-pony and trainer: JEANNE RAVEL *as the Dancer in "Circus Parade."*

Vic Vandyke's singing star, CELIA LIPTON, *in one of her numbers.*

JEANNE RAVEL *and* GEORGE GRAY *as the Débutante and Mr. Lucifer in "Lady, Here's Your Wreath."*

"GET A LOAD OF THIS," George Black's "surprise musical" at the London Hippodrome, is set in the Orchid Room of a New York night-club, and the audience are invited to imagine themselves patrons of this brilliant establishment, where an entertainment, "Music at Midnight," is put on. The show is interspersed by the activities of sinister gangsters, who prowl about and threaten

Left: MURIEL OXFORD *as the drummer-girl in "Circus Parade."*

"GET A LOAD OF THIS," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Vic Vandyke (VIC OLIVER) finds his partner, Rabener (ALBERT LIEVEN), shot on the dance floor.

Brilliant musical clowns, the BROTHERS CAIROLI, *giving some glorious fooling.*

JEANNE RAVEL *steps from her Venetian Sedan chair in the opening "Casanova" number.*

ests, finally committing a sensational murder. The "floor show" itself is gay d varied, with VIC OLIVER as chief star, and some first-class fooling by the sical clowns, the Cairoli Brothers. "Circus Parade" introduces a clever pony nce by Jeanne Ravel; and Celia Lipton, the new young vocalist, sings chantingly. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYE.)

Right: Elephant Girl! ANNE D'ARCY *in her amusing "Circus Parade" costume.*

"SUNDAY WITH THE STARS" AT AN R.A.F. STATION.

ISABEL JEANS *in her amusing number, "Captain Eversleigh," by Herbert Farjeon.*

F/O WATERS, *the producer,* P/O SEBASTIAN SHAW *and* GABRIELLE BRUNE *have a chat after the show.*

ELIZABETH WELCH *and* F/O HANSEN, D.F.C., G.M., *talking to* MRS. CARPENTER, *the mother of P/O Freddie Carpenter. He was known in peacetime as the brilliant dancer and choreographer.*

GABRIELLE BRUNE *called for aid in her wool song, and* SQUADRON LEADER CRAIG, A.F.C., *gave a willing hand.*

P/O FREDDIE CARPENTER *with new star* CAROL RAYE, *whom he discovered. She's appearing in "Fun and Games," at the Princes.*

"SUNDAY WITH THE STARS," a new show produced by F/O Ronald Waters and Norman Higgins, was presented at the Arts Theatre of Cambridge on November 23, and proved a big success. The proceeds were divided equally between the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and the Cambridgeshire Troops Comforts Fund. The cast was a brilliant one, the show went with a swing, and the two good causes benefited considerably. After the public performance the show was repeated for "the boys" at a Home Station, when these photographs were taken.

Right: HERMIONE GINGOLD, F/O WATERS, *the producer, and* ISABEL JEANS *with* BEATRICE LILLIE *(Lady Peel) during an interval.*

"HALIFAX" AND HYLÆOSAURUS.

THE likeness between a prehistoric monster, the HYLÆOSAURUS, and one of our most up-to-date bombers, the "HALIFAX," could hardly be more striking. The Hylæosaurus is a genus of gigantic dinosaur established upon remains discovered by Mantell in the Wealdon formation of Tilgate Forest in England. A "portrait sculpture" of one of these lizards, which were probably about 25 ft. in length, was a well-known ornament of the Crystal Palace Gardens. The "Halifax" is a bomber with four Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engines. It has a wing-span of 99 ft., a length of 70 ft., and a height of 22 ft., so has the Hylæosaurus well beaten for size, and also for destructive capacity, as it can carry a really good bomb-load. "Halifaxes" have raided targets in all parts of Germany and Northern Italy and had conspicuous success in the attacks on Berlin. The eye-like window helps to endow the great 'plane with a vivid and extremely ferocious personality, and makes it look just like a flying dragon, only more frightening.

FOREIGNERS AND BROTHER-IN-LAW.*

By INEZ HOLDEN.

THE day had just begun, but for me it was ended. I was going home to sleep. I went to the place where the bus stopped by request, and on either side of me there walked a nurse from the hospital. They wore the same uniform as mine, the same round hat, the same drain-pipe-shaped blue overcoat.

The one that was the daughter of the local carpenter said, " Gets you down, this night duty, don't it ? "

The one that was the daughter of a county Lord-Lieutenant answered, " Yes ; I never have time to get my hair done."

I did not say anything at all then, because I was too tired for automatic conversation. I noticed a curious thing about this tiredness. It produced a sort of fevered awareness of everything around me. There was the comic-film atmosphere which is sometimes painted on to the senses by pain-killing drugs, by shock and extreme fatigue.

People and things which should have fallen into their accustomed unnoticed places now appeared to me in all their absurdity. A motor-car was no longer only a motor-car but also a sort of trundling tin box filled with oddly dressed humans. Everything familiar had become foreign. This mood did not trouble me in the least. It could happen to any over-tired adult in any place and perhaps in any century. The man-at-arms of the fourteenth century, exhausted after much bloodshed, might have looked around at his comrades, seen them suddenly as strangers and thought: There is something ridiculous in all this clanking about in armour.

I spoke out something of my thoughts to my colleagues, and one of them answered : " Puts me in mind of the night we went to see ' When Knights were Bold.' My brother-in-law was with us, only he wasn't my brother-in-law then, of course. Funny thing, neither Mum nor I knew he was sweet on Moll." At this moment a bus loomed up. The daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant held up a white-gloved hand, but the daughter of the carpenter said, " Let it go, it isn't ours."

I remembered now about the brother-in-law. He was her home-Führer. She thought he knew all the answers and was worth listening to, at the time, and quoting afterwards.

" Well," she said, " As I was telling you, we were at the theatre, and in this piece there 's a man trips over a rug. It was a scream. Well, when we done laughing, Moll says to my brother-in-law, only he wasn't then, she says, ' That 's wot you're like sometimes,' because he was always falling over furniture-like, and he said, ' So you think so, do you ? ' and before we could turn round, he was up and out of that theatre and we never saw him no more we didn't."

The outlines of another on-coming bus took my mind off the talk, the daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant took a hesitating step forward, but she was told, " Leave it," as if to a dog approaching a plate of meat. " It isn't ours," the daughter of the carpenter added in explanation, and then was right back in the brother-in-law world again. " When we got home," she said, " Moll passed the remark to me, ' Fancy marrying a man like that ! ' and I said, ' Who 's fancying marrying a man like that ? ' and she said, ' I am,' so that 's how we knew. See ? "

The third bus clattered into view. " This is ours," she said in a possessive way, and we clambered up into our seats. Most of the passengers looked straight ahead of them on this morning ride to work, perhaps because they imagined themselves already in their various places of routine. Their bodies were still in the bus, while their minds went marching on, up and down cold office stairs. Even the man with the empty birdcage on his knee and the round astrakan hat on his head, looked straight ahead of him.

I returned to the conversation in hand. " But your sister did marry ? "

" Yes, they got married, three years later after Bank Holiday."

At the General Hospital, from which I had come, there was often general conversation. This happened at meal times and slack times, and it could be said that, in a general way, I knew what the talk was likely to be about—rations and knitting, hours of work and the food which was provided, bombs and boys. But in our bus it was not like this. People were not saying what I expected them to say. For instance, a man wearing a striped suit and a bowler hat said to the woman next to him, " I am stock size except for my legs." We got into an orchestra of noisy traffic just then. I heard no more from him. I forgot the conversation which had started so well and looked again at the man who was still nursing the empty birdcage on his knee. This man was vague-eyed, he had a beard. He wore a thick grey overcoat with the collar turned up. Perhaps he was a B.B.C. boy, a man of Mass Observation or a Doctor of Psychoanalysis. I decided that he was more likely to be a sailor on shore-leave, because the hands which clasped the empty cage were so strong.

When the middle-aged man got into our bus I thought : Here 's a member of the well-fed classes if there ever was one. Black-hatted and black-suited, he carried gloves in his hands to show that he did not do any manual work, and a walking-stick to fend off anyone who tried to make him. He sat on a seat near the front of the bus and he looked like a well-to-do barrister or an already done well stockbroker. The bus jogged on.

The daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant began to tell us about some foreigners who had been caught signalling with torchlights. She said that it had all happened somewhere near her home in the country.

At the next stop the man with the walking-stick made his majestic way down the centre of the bus. He stopped by the man with the empty birdcage. He said : " That 's a rare bird you've got there."

The man with the astrakan hat turned his head round slowly.

" It is," he answered.

" You can't get them now," said the well-fed man, flicking the fingers of his gloves against the palm of his hand.

" That 's right, you can't."

" I should think that bird 's worth twenty pounds, isn't it ? "

" Oh, quite that," answered astrakan-hat.

Then the black-suited man with measured tread trod down the bus and out into the street.

The daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant said, " I don't think this bus is going the right way."

The daughter of the carpenter answered, " Oh, yes, it is. My brother-in-law says this bus takes us in back of Austel Street."

When the bus stopped again the astrakan-hatted man got out. He walked down the street carrying his empty birdcage as if it were a heavy lantern. I never saw him again.

I asked my colleagues if they had heard the conversation of the two men. They said they had. The Lord-Lieutenant's daughter thought the man wearing the astrakan hat was a spy.

" Shouldn't be surprised," said the daughter of the carpenter.

" But in that case," I said, " it would have to be both of them."

" Well, foreigners are up to anything."

I pointed out that neither of them was a foreigner and got back the answer, " My brother-in-law says that it would be nothing for foreigners to get themselves up as Englishmen if it suited their purpose."

It was about this time that we discovered that after all our bus did not take us where we wanted to go. We were, in fact, getting farther away from our destinations. We got out and waited again at another request stop.

The daughter of the Lord-Lieutenant tried to tell us about the route we should have taken. She managed to make it sound like military manœuvres. In a little while the daughter of the carpenter said : " Oh, shut up, anyone would think you were the blinking matron." And after this she started, herself, to tell us about what her brother-in-law said the Nazi High Command were planning for the spring.

As the talk went on it became more clear to me that what the brother-in-law said about foreigners was no explanation of the conversation of the two Englishmen in the bus.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"THAT shows you, my lad," said the broker, as he and Our Stroller studied the marking-board which records the Foreign Railway transactions. "That shows you what's going on."

The large white sheet was black with the prices at which bargains had been already marked. Our Stroller moved a little nearer, and "Oo!" he exclaimed softly. "Isn't that rather revolutionary for the Stock Exchange?"

The three young ladies who had excited this remark were hard at work, silently and efficiently, with bundles of price-slips in one hand and pencil in the other, transferring the marks to the boards.

Very workmanlike they looked, two in blue frocks with small white spots. Behind the marking-boards they were concealed from the general view.

"I didn't know that you had young ladies in the Stock Exchange. Temple of Mammon! Bottomless Pit! Sink of——"

"Oh, sink of somesing sensible to say," the broker interrupted impatiently. "They've been here for weeks. It was the Manager's idea. The Committee didn't want——"

"What's that about the Committee?" asked one of its thirty members. "Are these stocks all up again?" and he, too, joined the group who watched every mark as it appeared.

"The pace has been too hot to last in these Argentine Rails," a broker commented. "Look at that stock, for instance," and he tapped a quotation. "A few weeks ago I sold my own at a twenty-point loss and cut £400. It has risen thirty since then. How's that for bad luck?"

"My wife gave me a hundred pounds to play with last month, and I handed her back two hundred and forty at breakfast-time this morning," another broker observed. "So the luck doesn't all run one way."

"Mine does," retorted the first speaker. "I suppose your missis thinks you're a Napoleon of finance and will let you go on until you lose the lot and a bit more with it. That's what usually happens."

"She told me to make up her Savings Certificates to the full five hundred so as to help win the war and bring the boy back to Civvy Street all the quicker. Wise woman, my wife."

"She must be. I wonder whether all the profits are going to be spent in the same way."

"I should say that a good many are likely to be. And there's the War Loan dividend coming along on the first of December. That will give an impetus to applications for the new stocks. Hang it all, we've got to win this war, and the more money we stump up now, the shorter the shrift for that damned house-painter."

"Mustn't we buy stocks and shares until we've hanged Hitler?" a broker meekly enquired.

Another man wheeled round upon him.

"What's the Stock Exchange for?" he demanded. "Aren't we here to line up along the financial front and to give people what service we can in the way of dealing in securities?"

"And insecurities; don't leave them out."

"The gamble of to-day is the security of to-morrow," a broker declared sagely. "Cunards were kicking about at half-a-crown earlier this year, when most of us thought they were a poor buy——"

"Hardly that, surely?"

"Well, considering the company's preference stocks had had no dividends for ten years, the ordinary shares didn't seem to be exactly a gilt-edged investment, did they?"

"They're a reasonable post-war stock, and that is what people are after, nowadays."

"Quite right," a broker agreed. "I'm constantly being told by my clients that they can dispense with dividends so long as there's a good chance for a company after the war. I've been buying Gas, Light and Coke, International Tea, and other things of that order."

"Why are iron and steel shares out of fashion?" Our Stroller asked his broker, who suggested that they should try the experts.

The firm that he approached put down the market dulness to sales by people who were disappointed by several of the recent dividends and who were exchanging into some of these Foreign Railway Stocks."

"Is there much selling?" asked the broker.

"Not a lot, but there isn't enough buying to meet it. That's our trouble."

"Doing all the trade?" the broker asked a dealer in the aforesaid Foreign Rails.

"We are doing almost more bargains than we've got staff to handle. That's our trouble."

The broker laughed and turned to a jobber in the rubber market.

"And what's yours?" he asked.

"That's awfully nice of you. I'd like a medium sherry, thanks."

"'What's your trouble,' I said."

"Pardon. I must have missed the 'trouble.' Well, rubber shares are not popular because of Japan's attitude. That's all there is to it."

"Other markets are stealing all the limelight, and we are pushed on one side," his partner added.

"Your turn will come again, don't you worry. I thought, not long since, that the oil market had passed out, but hark at it now!"

The noise from that department rose and fell from shrill soprano to determined baritone.

"There's more tumult than trade, if you ask me," a broker assumed. "Did I hear them bidding for Lobitos? I had a hunch that they'd go better."

"House tip, wasn't it? I'm always a bit wary about House tips myself, although the Crosse and Blackwell came off all right. And that was general enough."

"I maintain that the shares in any company with a good name are certain to attract notice sooner or later. That's one of my consolations."

"I'm cutting out my undesirables by degrees. It will reduce work for my executors, and I can do with the money to put into one of these."

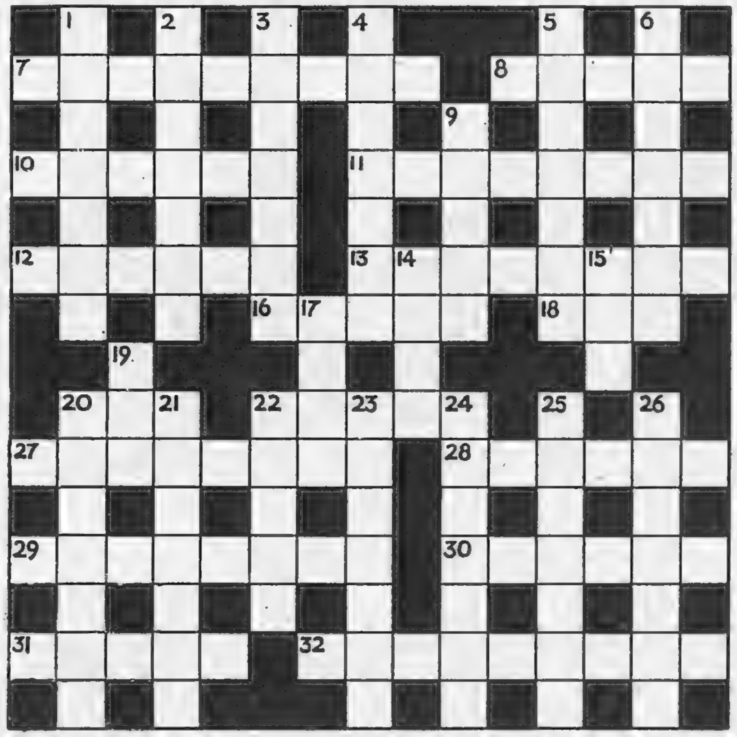
He examined the details of the various War Loans, spread out on the table in the American market. "Have you had a good day?" said he.

Both the gentlemen in charge of the work pointed to the figures that mark the progress of subscriptions. "Pretty good, aren't they, Sir?"

"Every day and in every way," said the broker firmly, "we shall see that they get better and better. We mean to smash those unspeakable Nazis, and by Jove, here's our glorious chance for having a smack at them!"

Friday, Nov. 28, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

7. May bring you back to earth with a bump (9).
8. Dislocated elbow? (5).
10. Before noon ceases to make reparation (6).
11. Not paid in the coin of the realm (8).
12. Half this luxury article is prohibitive (6).
13. You *must* know this tree! (8).
16. Example of trade exchange (5).
18. Title (3).
20. Obvious Scot (3).
22. One way to make Mabel walk (5).
27. Where the team has its three-quarters? (8).
28. Puts to death in a manner the medical man possesses (6).
29. Does the stroke catch it when he has a row ashore? (4 hyphen 4).
30. A wave isn't fit in part of the boat (6)
31. Sensations of the chase? (5).
32. Mythical (9).

DOWN.

1. Nothing at breakfast, lunch or dinner except porridge? (7).
2. It is killing to have a horse in one's care (7).
3. When this town goes on the field, it shifts its county (7).
4. To draw one like a stretch of country (7).
5. Serpent in its coils (so to speak) is sorry (7).
6. Outline of a number on a trip (7).
9. Do you know a question that isn't? (5).
14. Sole adjunct (4).
15. Pick me up—and squeeze me? (3).
17. Battle the mater follows closely (4).
19. The twisted tail of 4 Down (3).
20. Is this the age for building castles in the air? (7).
21. Hardly needless, as any darn jobs will prove (7).
22. Stave off (5).
23. The wail of the whale? (7).
24. Does Sir T. B. know this is one of the compositions of Delibes? (7).
25. Run into a dog that swallowed a copper (7).
26. Not abroad (7).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOVEMBER 19.

ACROSS.—1. Rebuilt. 5. Arbiter. 9. Garbo. 10. Octopus. 11. Nab. 12. Lares. 13. Unalloyed. 16. Inn. 17. Dined. 18. Gordian. 20. Ulysses. 23. Leash. 26. Dei. 27. Unlearned. 31. Quail. 32. Emu. 33. Penates. 34. Accio. 35. Resorts. 36. Daybook.

DOWN.—1. Regaled. 2. Bar Iron. 3. Ironsides. 4. Tribunals. 5. Aroma. 6. Betel. 7. Tipsy. 8. Rushden. 14. Loo. 15. Odd. 18. Gladdened. 19. Reliquary. 20. Usurper. 21. Sue. 22. Ear. 24. Ajaccio. 25. Hillock. 28. Lines. 29. Altar. 30. Noses.

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HERE is the only coat for a man—or woman—to wear this winter—sure protection in the worst of weather. It is smartly cut and tailored. You can wear it proudly on any occasion. But when you go on duty, that is when you appreciate its secret merits. Its triple-proofed, 2-fold Egyptian Cotton Gabardine keeps out the hardest driving rain. Its wonderful, flame-proof "Tropal" inter-lining—"Tropal" is four times *warmer* than wool—keeps you cosy in Arctic weather. Yet, cold-proof, flame-proof, gale-proof and rain-proof as it is, it is only half the weight of an ordinary great-coat.

The Vitabeau is the only coat specially designed for Civil Defence. It is so cunningly tailored that it suits any occasion. Ladies in particular will appreciate this twofold purpose.

Small, Medium and Large Sizes for Ladies and Gentlemen in Fawn or Navy Blue (Hoods can be supplied if desired).

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

SLACKS FOR WORK

"HOSTESS" FROCKS FOR HOME

FURS FOR WARMTH

PERFECTLY practical are the slacks above, accompanied with a cardigan jacket and sweater. This outfit has been designed and carried out by H. J. Nicoll, of Regent Street. Furthermore, there are admirably tailored coats and skirts and an infinite variety of "odd" skirts for wearing with twin sets. A feature is made of uniforms for men and women in the Services, the new A.T.S. being particularly smart: an illustration would be sent on application.

SOMETIMES dresses like the one on the left are known by the name of "hostess," but more often they are called "fireside." This model comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is cut in one piece and is a study in dusky pink and pale blue. There are other fireside dresses also in wool for 59s. 6d. Their fount of inspiration is the siren suit.

UNUSUAL furs which wear remarkably well, have gone into residence at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. Among them is the South American skunk coat on the right. As it is perfectly ventilated, it is light and warm. Another fur which is decorative is the natural wild cat; the working of the skins and blending of the colours strike a very new note.

Sorry- but there are not enough of these *Anglepoise* Lamps to go round now

WE apologise for the shortage of Anglepoise Lamps—the marvellous 1,001-angle lamps which made life so easy in pre-war days. We dislike having to disappoint our many friends, but war's stern necessity compels us to do so.

But the Anglepoise—that marvellous 1,001-angle lamp—is well worth waiting for and that happy day will come (sooner than many realise) when supplies will be ample and the Anglepoise will be easing the eyes and adding to the amenities of a peaceful England. Till then . . .

Sole Makers: **HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Redditch**
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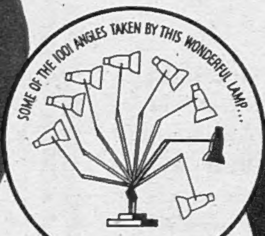

The TERRY *Anglepoise* LAMP

Scarce now-but well worth waiting for

Pat. all countries

H.L.S. says

For the fit that keeps feet fit

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Send a postcard for booklet, "Footwear since the World began," also names of local Wearra stockists to
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W.V.S. Shirt blouse, burgundy 'Viyella' (shade and style officially approved). Up to and incl. 15" neck, 16/11d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores all over the country.

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VAPEX
The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

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Simply sprinkle a 'magic drop' of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist, 2/3 & 3/4

V.217a. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

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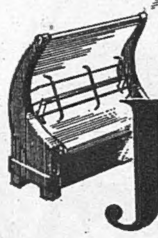
Radiant Electric **FIRE**

by keeping the reflector bright



JUST as a clean window gives most light the polished surface of the *reflector* of your Ferranti Fire needs to be kept bright in order to direct the heat rays *across* the room and so provide maximum comfort. A tarnished *reflector* permits the heat to rise to the ceiling, where it tends to create a stuffy atmosphere.

Free Booklet The above is merely one small point covered in a Free Booklet devised to help users of Ferranti Fires during the war scarcity. It also tells you how to keep your Ferranti Fire 100% efficient . . . how to use it most economically all the year round . . . how to replace spare parts, etc. Write for your copy today.

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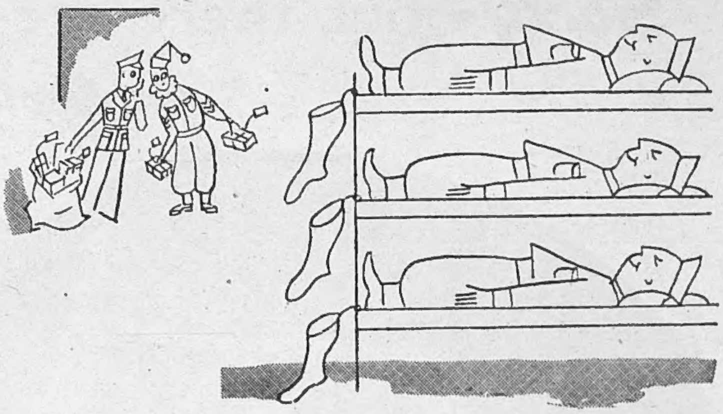

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